

685
SELECT
POEMS
FROM
IRELAND:

BEING

- I. A SATYR in Imitation of PERSIUS; by an *English* Noblemen.
- II. An Extemporary POEM by the Earl of *Ch—d.*
- III. A CHRISTMAS-Box for Doctor *D—ny*, in Answer to his Epistle, printed in the second Part of the TRIBUNES. *Swift*
- IV. A Reply to the CHRISTMAS-Box in Defence of Doctor *D—ny*. *Handwritten?*

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Or has



A
S A T Y R

In the Manner of

P E R S I U S,

I N A

DIALOGUE between the P O E T and
his F R I E N D.

By an English Nobleman.

P O E T.



W H Y wears my pensivè Friend that gloomy
Brow?

Say, whence proceeds th' imaginary Woe.

What prosperous Villain hast thou met to Day?

Or has afflicted Virtue cross'd thy Way?

B

Is

Is it some Crime unpunish'd you deplore,
 Or Right subverted by injurious Power?
 Be this or that the Cause, 'tis wisely done
 To make the Sorrows of Mankind your own!
 To see the Injur'd pleading unredress'd,
 The Proud exalted, and the Weak oppress'd,
 Can hurt thy Health, and rob thee of thy Rest!
 Your Cares are in a hopeful Way to cease,
 If you must find Perfection to find Peace:
 But rack thy Malice, vent thy stifled Rage,
 Inveigh against the Times, and lash the Age.
 Perhaps just recent from the Court you come,
 On publick Ills to ruminate at Home.
 Say which of all the Wretches thou hast seen,
 Has thrown a Morfel to thy angry Spleen;
 What worthless Member of that Medly Throng,
 Who basely acts, or tamely suffers Wrong.
 He, who to nothing but his Int'rest true,
 Cajoles the Fool he's working to undo?

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Or that more despicable tim'rous Slave,
 Who knows himself abus'd, yet hugs the Knave.
 Perhaps you mourn our S——s sinking Fame,
 That Shew of Freedom, dwindled to a Name!
 Where hireling J——s deal their venal Laws,
 And the best Bidder has the justest Cause.
 What then? They've Pow'r, and who shall dare to
 blame

The legal Wrongs that bear *Astrea's* Name?
 Besides such Thoughts should never stir the Rage
 Of youthful Gall; Reflection comes with Age:
 'Tis our decaying Life's Autumnal Fruit,
 The bitter Produce of her latest Shoot,
 When ev'ry Blossom of the Tree is dead,
 Enjoyment wither'd, and our Wishes fled:
 Thine still is in its Spring, on every Bough
 Fair Plenty blooms, and grateful Odours blow;
 Season of Joy, too early to be wise,
 The Time to covet Pleasure, not Disguise.

Yours is an Age, when Trifles ought to please,
 Too soon for Reason to attack thy Ease ;
 Tho' still the Hour shall come, when thou shalt know
 'Tis vain Fruition all, and empty Show ;
 But late examine, late inspect Mankind,
 If Seeing pains, 'tis Prudence to be blind:
 Let not their Vices yet employ thy Thoughts;
 Laugh at their Follies, e're you weep their Faults:
 And when (as sure you must) at last you find
 What Things they are, resolve to arm thy Mind.
 Too nicely their Demerits never scan,
 And of their Virtues make the most you can.
 Silent avert the Mischiefs they intend,
 And cross, but seem not to discern their End.
 If they prevail, submit, for Prudence lies
 In suff'ring well; 'tis equally unwise
 To see the Injuries we won't resent,
 Or mourn the Evils which we can't prevent.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

You counsel well, to bid me arm my Mind;
 Wou'd the Receipt were easy, as 'tis kind;
 But hard it is for Misery to reach
 That Fortitude Prosperity can teach.
 Could I forbid, what has been, to have been,
 Or lodge a Doubt on Truths my self have seen;
 Could I divest Remembrance of her Pow'r,
 And say, Collect these Images no more;
 No more let past Events survive in you,
 In Lights too faithful, usher'd to my View;
 Could I dislodge Sensation from the Breast,
 Or charm the wakeful Faculties to rest;
 Could I my Nature, and my self subdue,
 I might the Method you prescribe, pursue:
 But if from real Causes we endure,
 If Reason's our Disease, and not our Cure,

Then

Then seeming Ease is all we can obtain,
 As one, who long familiariz'd to Pain,
 Still feels the Smart, but ceases to complain.
 Tho' young in Life, yet long inur'd to Care,
 Thus I submissive ev'ry Evil bear:
 If unexpected Ills alone are hard,
 Mine should not gall, who am for all prepar'd:
 No Disappointments can my Peace annoy,
 Disuse has wean'd me from the Hope of Joy,
 The vain Pursuit for ever I give o'er;
 Repuls'd I strive, Betray'd I trust no more,
 Mankind I know, their Nature and their Art,
 Their Vice their own, their Virtue but a Part;
 Ill play'd so oft', that all the Cheat can tell,
 And dang'rous only when 'tis acted well.
 I different Classes rang'd, a diff'rent Name
 Attends their Practice, but the Heart's the same:
 This shews the Foe, That hides it in the Friend;
 The Road is various, but the same's the End;

Their

Their Hate is Int'rest, Int'rest too their Love,
 For the same Springs these diff'rent Engines move;
 That sharpens Malice, and directs her Sting,
 From this the hony'd Streams of Flatt'ry spring.
 Long I suspected what at last I know,
 I thought Men worthless, now I've prov'd 'em so,
 Reluctant prov'd it, by too sure a Rule;
 I learn'd my Silence in a painful School:
 He buys ev'n Wisdom at too high a Price,
 Who pays by sad Experience to be wise.
 Why did I hope, by sanguine Views possess'd,
 That Virtue harbour'd in a humane Breast?
 Why did I trust to Flatt'ry's specious Wile,
 The *April* Sun-shine of her transient Smile?
 Why disbelieve the Lessons of the Wise,
 Who taught me young, to pierce her thin Disguise?
 I thought their Rancour, not their Prudence spoke,
 That Age perverse in false Invectives broke;
 I thought their Comments on this gaudy Scene
 Th' Effects of Phlegm, and dictated by Spleen,

That jealous of the Joys themselves were past;
 Their Envy try'd to pall their Childrens Taste;
 Like the deaf Adder to the Charmer's Tongue;
 I gave no Credit to the Truths they sung :
 But happy in a visionary Scheme,
 Still fought Companions worthy my Esteem:
 The Tongue the Heart's Interpreter I deem'd,
 And judg'd of what Men were, by what they seem'd :
 I thought each warm Professor meant me fair,
 Each supple Sycophant a Friend sincere:
 The solemn Hypocrite, whose close Design
 Mirth never interrupts, nor Love, nor Wine;
 Who still attentive to what others say,
 Observes to wound, or questions to betray:
 Him as the Guardian of my private Thought,
 In Morning Counsels (cool Resolves) I fought,
 To him still open, cautionless consign'd
 The inmost Treasure of my secret Mind,

My

My Joys and Griefs delighted to impart,
 In sacred Confidence, unmix'd with Art,
 That dang'rous Pleasure of the honest Heart.
 When e'er I purpos'd to unbend my Soul
 In social Banquets, where the circling Bowl
 To Gladness lifts all Sorrows, but Despair,
 And gives a transient *Lethe* to our Care :
 I chose the Man, whose Talents entertain,
 And season Converse with a lively Strain;
 Who thoughtless still, by Hopes, nor Fears perplex'd,
 Enjoys the present Hour, and risks the next ;
 Him not the sloathful Luxury of Ease,
 Soft Beds of Down, nor balmy Slumbers please,
 Whilst wakeful Kings on purple Couches own
 The secret Sorrows of their envy'd Crown ;
 And wait revolving Light with shorter Rest
 Than the poor Wretches by their Power oppress.
 This jocund Train, devoted to Delight,
 In chearful Vigils long protract the Night ;

Nor dread the Cares approaching with the Day,
 Through each Vicissitude for ever gay,
 With such I commun'd, pleas'd when I could find
 Recess so grateful to the active Mind:
 And whilst the Youths in sprightly Contests try
 With hum'rous Tale, or opposite Reply;
 Or am'rous Song, or inoffensive Jest
 (The Test of Wit) to glad the lengthen'd Feast;
 " My Soul (said I) depend upon their Truth,
 " For Fraud inhabits not the Breast of Youth;
 " Indulge thy Genius here, be free, be safe;
 " Mirth is their Aim, they covet but to laugh;
 " Pure from Deceit, as ignorant of Care,
 " Their Friendship and their Joys are both sincere.
 I judg'd their Nature like their Humour good,
 As if the Heart depended on the Blood;
 And that the Seeds of Honesty must grow
 Wherever Health resides, or Spirits flow.
 I see my Error, but I see too late,
 'Tis vain Inspection to look back on Fate:

What

What are the Men whom most esteem'd we find,
 But those whose Vices are the most refin'd?
 Blind Preference! For Vice like Poyson shews,
 The surest Wound is in the subt'lest Dose.
 To such Reflections whilst I turn my Mind,
 I loath my Being, and abhor Mankind.
 What Joy for Truth, what Commerce for the Just,
 If all our Safety's founded on Distrust?
 If all our Wisdom is a main Deceit,
 And he who prospers best, the ablest Cheat?

P O E T.

Oh! early wise! How well hast thou defin'd
 The Worth, the Joys, the Friendship of Mankind!

F R I E N D.

Blest be the Pow'rs, I know their abject State.

P O E T.

Yet bear with this, and hope a better Fate.

Thrice happy they, who view with stable Eyes
 This trifling Scene, who, temp'rate, firm and wise,
 Can stand its Sorrows, and its Joys despise.

Who look on Disappointments, Shocks and Strife,
 And all the necessary Ills of Life,

Not as Severities the Gods impose;

But easy Terms indulgent Heav'n allows

To Man, by short Probation to obtain

Immortal Recompence for transient Pain.

Th' Intent of Heav'n once rightly understood,

From ev'ry Evil we extract a Good:

This Truth Divine, implanted in the Heart,

Supports each drudging Mortal thro' his Part;

It gives delightful Prospects to the Blind,

The Friendless here a constant Succour find;

The Wretch by Fraud betray'd, by Pow'r oppress'd,

With this Restorative still calms his Breast.

This Suff'ring Virtue cheers, this Care beguiles,

And decks Calamity her self in Smiles:

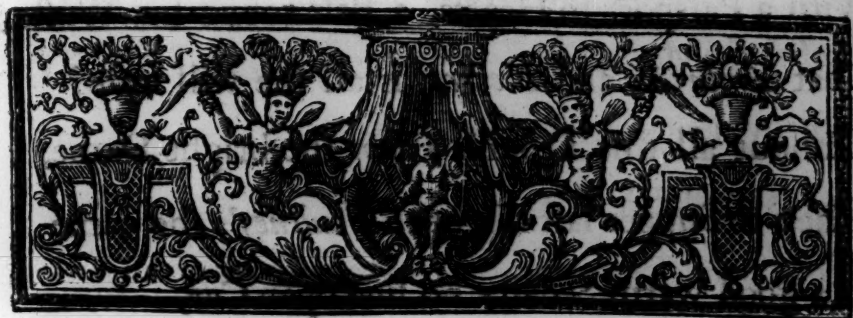
When

When *Mead* and *Friend* have ranfack'd ev'ry Rule,
 Taught in *Hypocrates'* or *Galen's* School,
 To quiet Ills that mock the Leach's Art,
 Which opiates fail to deaden in the Heart :
 This Cordial still th' Incurable sustains,
 Who triumphs in the sharp instructive Pains.
 Nor like a *Roman* Hero, fallly great,
 With impious Hand anticipates his Fate;
 But waits resign'd the slow Approach of Death,
 Till that great Pow'r who gave, demands his Breath.
 Such are thy solid Comforts, Love Divine,
 Such solid Comforts, Oh! my Friend be thine :
 On this firm Basis thy Foundations lay
 Of Happiness, unsubject to Decay.
 On Man no more, that frail Support, depend,
 The kindest Patron, or the warmest Friend :
 The warmest Friend may one Day prove untrue,
 And Int'rest change thy kindest Patron's View.
 Hear not elate the Kindness they profess,
 Nor on the Trial grieve to find it less.

Submis-

Submissive such Vicissitude endure,
 Careful to Merit, where Reward is sure;
 To Providence implicitly resign'd,
 Let this Reflection poise thy wandring Mind:
 With partial Eyes we view our own weak Cause,
 And slightly scan her upright equal Laws.
 For undeserv'd she ne'er inflicts a Woe,
 Nor is her Recompence unsure, tho' slow;
 Unpunish'd none transgress, deceiv'd none trust;
 Her Rules are fix'd, and all her Ways are just.





A N
EXTEMPORARY P O E M,
B Y
Lord CH—————D.



HAT do Scholars, and Bards, and Phi-
losophers wise

Mean by stuffing our Heads with such

Nonsense and Lies,

By telling us *Venus* must always appear

In a Car, or a Shell, or a twinkling Star;

Drawn by Sparrows, or Swans, a Dolphin, or Doves,

And attended in Form by the Graces and Loves,

With a Pafsport to Hearts, a Belt round her Wafte;
 That *Ambrofia* and *Nectar* is all ſhe will taſte?
 Without all this Trouble I ſaw the bright Dame,
 When to Supper laſt Night to *Poultney's* ſhe came
 In a good warm Sedan; no fine open Car,
 Two Chairmen her Doves, and a Flambeau her Star;
 No *Nectar* ſhe drank, no *Ambrofia* ſhe eat,
 Her Cup was plain Claret, and Chicken her Meat;
 Nor wanted a *Ceſtus* her Boſom to grace,
 For RICHMOND that Night had lent her her Face.





AN
EPISTLE upon an EPISTLE,
FROM A
Certain DOCTOR
TO A
Certain Great LORD:
BEING A
CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. De---ny.

*Palatinæ Cultor facunde Minervæ,
Ingenio fruëris qui propiore Dei.
Nam tibi nascentes DOMINI cognoscere Curas,
Et secreta DUCIS Pectora nōsse licet.*
Mart. Lib. v. Ep. 5.



S *Jove* will not attend on less,
When Things of more Importance press:
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low *Hibernian* Bard,

D

Shou'd

Shou'd cool your Heels a while, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* Gate;
 And wou'd, my Lord, vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble Boon I want,
 Free Leave to play his *Secretary*,
 As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry*:
 I'd tell of yours in Rhyme and Print:
 Folks shrug, and cry, *There's nothing in't*.
 And after several Readings over,
 It shines most in the Marble Cover.

How cou'd so fine a Taste dispense
 With mean Degrees of Wit and Sense?
 Nor will my Lord so far *Beguile*
 The *Wise* and *Learned* of our *Isle*;
 To make it pass upon the Nation,
 By Dint of his sole Approbation.
 The Task is arduous, Patrons find,
 To warp the Sense of all Mankind:
 Who think your Muse must first aspire;
 E're he advance the Doctor higher.

You've

You've Cause to say he *meant you well*:
That you *are thankful* who *can tell*?
For still you're short (which grieves your Spirit)
Of His Intent, you mean, Your Merit.

Ah! *Quanto rectius, tu Adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam ineptè?

* *Smedley*, thou *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
“ When thou thy humble Lays dost offer
“ To G—f—n's Grace, with grateful Heart;
“ Thy Thanks and Verse, devoid of Art:
“ Content with what his Bounty gave,
“ No larger Income dost thou crave,
But you must have Cascades, and all
Ierna's Lake, for your Canal,
Your Visto's, Barges, and (a Pox on
All Pride) our *Speaker* for your Coxon:
It's Pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve Commoners in Caps to row you.

* Vid. *Smedley's* Petition to his Grace the D—e of G—f—n, 1724.

Thus *Edgar* proud, in Days of Yore,
 Held Monarchs lab'ring at the Oar;
 And as he pass'd, so swell'd the *Dee*
 Inrag'd, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How different is this from *Smedley*?
 (His Name is up, he may in Bed lye)
 " Who only asks some pretty Cure,
 " In wholesome Soil and Æther pure;
 " The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 " In either Angle shady Bowers:
 " No gay Parterre with costly Green,
 " Must in the ambient Hedge be seen;
 " But Nature freely takes her Course,
 " Nor fears from him ungrateful Force:
 " No Sheers to check her sprouting Vigour,
 " Or shape the *Yews* to antick Figure.

But you, forsooth, your *All* must squander,
 On that poor Spot, call'd † *Dol-Ville*, yonder:

† The Doctor's Country-Seat near *Dublin*.

And when you've been at vast Expences
 In Whims, Parterres, Canals and Fences:
 Your Affets fail, and Cash is wanting
 For farther Buildings, farther Planting.
 No Wonder when you raise and level,
 Think this Wall low, and that Wall bevel.
 Here a convenient Box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the Ground:
 Then built, then took up with your Arbour,
 And set the House to ‡ *Rupert Barbor*.
 You sprung an Arch, which in a Scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled Topsy Turvy.
 You change a Circle to a Square,
 Then to a Circle as you were:
 Who can imagine whence the Fund is,
 That you *Quadrata* change *Rotundis*?
 To *Fame* a Temple you erect,
 A *Flora* does the Dome protect;

‡ A Woolen Draper, whose Wife is reckon'd a great Wit.

Mounts, Walks on high; and in a hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Apollo*;
 There shining 'midst his Train to grace
 Your whimsical, Poetick Place.

These Stories were, of old, design'd
 As Fables: But you have refin'd
 The Poets Mythologick Dreams,
 To real *Muses*, Gods, and Streams.
 Who wou'd not swear, when you contrive thus,
 That you're *Don Quixote Redivivus*?

Beneath a dry Canal there lies,
 Which only *Winter's* Rain supplies.
 Oh! cou'd'st thou, by some Magick Spell,
 Hither convey St. *Patrick's Well*;
 Here may it re-assume its Stream,
 And take a greater *Patrick's* Name.

If your Expences rise so high,
 What Income can your Wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A Fund of such superior Merit,

That

That you can't fail of more Provision,
 All by my *Lady's* kind Decision.
 For the more Livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a Bishop:
 That cou'd not be *my Lord's Intent*,
 Nor can it *answer in th' Event*.
 Most think what has been heap'd on You.
 To other Sort of Folk was due:
 Rewards too great for your Flim-Flams,
Epistles, Riddles, Epigrams.

Tho' now your Depth must not be founded,
 The Time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than CHARLY GRATTAN's School:
 Five hundred Pound a Year's no Fool.

Take this Advice then from your Friend,
 To your Ambition put an End.
 Be frugal, *Patt*; pay what you owe,
 Before You *Build*, and You *Bestow*.
 Be Modest, nor address your Betters
 With Begging, Vain, Familiar Letters.

A Passage * may be found, I've heard,
 In some old *Greek* or *Latian* Bard,
 Which says, wou'd Crows in Silence eat
 Their Offals, or their better Mear;
 Their generous Feeders not provoking
 By loud and unharmonious Croaking:
 They might, unhurt by Envy's Claws,
 Live on, and Stuff to boot, their Maws.

* Vid. Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 17.





A N
A N S W E R
T O T H E
C H R I S T M A S - B O X ,
I N D E F E N C E O F
D o c t o r D — n — y ,

By RUPERT BARBER.

— *Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent. Æn. II.



E damnable Dunces, ye Scriblers what
mean ye,

To fall with your Doggrel on Doctor
D—n—y?

E

Such

Such poor filly Criticks as you may go whistle,
 You ne'er can run down his familiar Epistle;
 That *Brilliant* Epistle which glitters and *shines*,
 In Musick, in Numbers, in Diction, in Lines,
 In Substance, in Spirit, in Force, and in Wit,
 In Compliments, such as *Augustus* might fit:
 Tho' what he has said of his Patron is faint,
 Nor wonder, since no Man his Virtues can paint;
 For no Poet ever attempts to express
 A Man truly great, but he must make him less.
 Besides he divided, he gave the one half
 Of all the Encomiums to himself and Sir *Ralph*.
 O! wonderful Prowess of Genius, when he
 With so little Trouble cou'd compliment three!
 His Lord and the Speaker shall live in his Poem,
 Six thousand Years after all Readers shall know 'em
 While *Pindar*, and *Horace*, and *Virgil* forgotten,
 Shall be, like their Heroes, sunk, bury'd, and rotten.
 For all other Authors his Writings shall banish;
 Like Ghosts at the Sight of the Day-light they'll vanish

His glorious Epistle so shining and high
 Shall be like his *Phæbus*, that Lord of the Sky;
 Who, when on his *Chrysolithe* Throne he appears,
 A Star dare not peep in the Sky for it's Ears.
 Now a Word by the By, for I think it my Duty,
 Since you're so mistaken, to point out each Beauty:
 Observe with what Judgment he shews this our Isle,
 A Patron so artful our Cares can beguile:
 How that very peevish, cross Grumbler the Dean,
 Does nothing at Court but of Courtiers complain;
 Such Impudence 'tis in a Man of his Station,
 To put in one Word for the Good of the Nation;
 That he with Submission sits silently list'ning,
 Like a Clerk when the Parson holds forth at a
 Christ'ning;
 But ventures at last like a Man of true Spirit,
 To cry out, *My Lord, you must know I have Merit,*
Much more than a Thousand; and is it not hard,
That Virtue so wondrous shou'd have no Reward;

*But a pittiful Pittance, five Hundred a Year,
 At a Time that our very Potatoes are dear?
 My Lord what I tell you is true to a Tittle,
 Or may I be banish'd from licking your Spittle:
 Why then, quoth my Lord, since you give me this Trouble,
 I tell you, in short, you are ev'ry Way double;
 As Poet, as Doctor, as Rector, as Vicar;
 As Dealer, as Builder, as Planter, as Quicker.
 But if you've a Mind to be triple, rely on
 My Word, and I'll make you a second Geryon.
 Ye Critick malicious now read what he says,
 In those matchless Verses on Farmanagh Ways;
 Where all the rough Pebbles are polish'd so fine,
 Like Em'ralsds they sparkle, like Diamonds they shine;
 Whoever hereafter that falls on these Stones,
 Shall think it an Honour to break half his Bones:
 Now see the Finess of a true Politician,
 He'd change for the worse, and he'd thrash like a
 Priscian;*

From

From thumping the Cushion to wake those that Nod,
 Instead of a Sermon he'd brandish a Rod:
 But *Charly* (tho' *Charly*) is not such a Tool,
 To change for more Trouble a *Sine-cure* School.
 Four Hundred *per Annum*, not one Shilling under,
 To preach in two Churches twelve long Miles asunder.
 And wade it a Horseback in Dirt to the Knee,
 When Paddy can better wade thro' it than he.
 Observe his Address with what artful Submission,
 He tells his rich Patron his grievous Condition.
 Quite ruin'd and bankrupt, reduc'd to a Farthing,
 By making too much of a very small Garden.
 By squand'ring his Money in Dribs to the Poor,
 He's ready to leave the Key under the Door.
 And grieves that his Patron has so much to give,
 While he (more's the Pity) is shifting to live.
 Again he solicits in Manner most nice,
 By another more subtle and cunning Device;
 Because he has heard that his Patron's well read,
 He lays by his Belly, and begs for his Head:

For writing three Riddles had cost him such Pains,
 That he scarce had remaining three Scruples of Brains.
 For want of some Money he's quite off the Hooks,
 To pay off old Scores, and to buy him new Books:
 To rebuild a House that he pull'd down already,
 And to buy a fine Ribbon to give a fine Lady.
 These are but a few, that I chose from the rest,
 Tho' not one Thought in it but can stand the Test:
 Nay more, I will venture to swear it, surpasses
 All Poems that ever were hatch'd at *Parnassus*:
 Ev'n *Horace* to *Cæsar*, to this is but barely
 A Thing call'd a Poem, and *Swift* to his *Harley*;
 That Poem so valu'd, so often read over,
 While *Patt's* is a reading, now sleeps in its Cover.

F I N I S.